

pered conversation along the halls. Some of the persons would be ladies. They work steadily at present, ten hours a day. They pay no attention to anything but their business. I should say they meditated. Their eyes were cast down. One could see their eyelids.

The one having the most ability naturally becomes the leader. Everywhere a few must lead. If they do not, destruction follows. General conduct is regulated by public criticism. I was present one evening when a member was criticised. His name was Homer.

"Now," said one member, "Homer does not appear to have the right spirit. He is too abrupt and harsh, and the other day he was disrespectful to Mr. Bolls. I think the love of Christ is faint in his heart. He ought to try and govern himself. There are manhood qualities in him, and for these I admire him very much. His natural character is amiable."

"Yes," said another, "I have noticed these things in Homer for some time. I am afraid he is not having a fellowship with Jesus. He cannot enjoy religion while he is so unconcerned. He does not treat our old members with due respect. Still I love Homer. There is much in his character which I greatly admire, and always did. He might be very useful to us all. Yes, I love him for these things, but I hope he will consider his course. I have nothing against him."

"Nor I," "Nor I," said one voice after another, through the whole two hundred.

Then a lady criticised. She was not very definite, but she had seen these things for a long time; still she admired him. Then Mr. Bolls took hold. He always liked Homer, and he thought he could be very useful as an example to other members. Then another and another. This went on a long time. Finally I fell asleep, and woke up hearing some one say he loved Homer. This criticism lasted a full hour. How Homer felt about it, or who he was, I did not learn; but I was told he had requested this performance. Other members frequently requested it. It was said they liked it. There seems to be no other law. But those who are the principal leaders are not subject to it. They cannot have their plans interfered with.

The sexual relation also is subject to criticism. A fellow who does not keep within bounds is hauled over the coals. Such occasions must be more entertaining to others than himself.

Once, I inquired what were the prevailing diseases. Several were present. A laugh went round. Finally, they said there were none. But if one gets doing? Did he not know it? He must explain himself, and show what business he had to be sick. Several years ago the diphtheria got in and killed five or six. They tried ice, and various remedies; then they criticised, and that broke it up.

I should say that, at the close of a long conversation with Mr. Hamilton, the leader, he said they would re-establish marriage should it be thought best or expedient, though their views would be unchanged.—[Cor. N. Y. Tribune.]

A WOMAN FIGHT IN WORTH CO.

The Worth County Enterprise furnishes the following:

We are informed that a fight occurred in this county a few days since, the particulars of which as far as we have been able to learn are as follows:

A young gent got married—soon after his sister informed his wife that her husband had been grazing in strange pasture—wife became indignant—bounced husband—husband swore it was a lie—catholised and abused sister—shortly after in the absence of husband, sister came to husband's premises with another sister, and pitched into said wife, and, in the Irish accent, give her a "devil of a bating." Husband returned, became infuriated, abused his mother, clung to his wife like a possum to a persimmon bush—took her—and absquatulated.

ANOTHER of our Supreme Judges has gone. J. M. Wayne, of Georgia, an appointee of General Jackson in 1835, a Unionist during the war, and a man of highly respectable attainments, is dead. No vacancy is thereby created, as the number of the Judges is to be diminished as their terms expire, and no chance will be given Mr. Johnson to fill the place with one of his mongrel men. The political character of the bench will hardly be improved, for Judge Wayne as often sustained the Chief Justice as he deserted from his opinions.

"Can't pass m'm," said a stern sentinel of the Navy Yard to an officers' wife. "But, sir, I must pass, I'm Capt. S's lady." "Could not let you if you were his wife."

A young man on kissing a girl "down South," asked how it was that she was so sweet? "Oh," she replied, in utter innocence, "my father is a sugar planter."

Holt County Sentinel,

Oregon, Missouri.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1897.

Agents.

Subscriptions received and forwarded by the following named authorized agents:

GEO. WEBER, Esq., Forest City.
WM. HOBLITZELL, Mound City.

THE St. Joseph Union learns that General J. C. Smith has been superseded in the Presidency of the Missouri Valley R. R., by Mr. Richardson, an Eastern railroad man.

RAILROAD MEETING AT ST. JOSEPH.

It is gratifying to see that the people of St. Joseph are interested in this railroad business. An interesting meeting was held there on the 11th, which was participated in by a number of the influential men of the city. A proposition to build the road through to the Iowa line in twelve months, if the city would subscribe \$250,000, was submitted by Mr. Joy, of the Hannibal road. Mr. Joy proposed, in a speech, that if the city would vote this amount in twenty year bonds, the road would be finished to Forest City this fall, and the work continued through the winter if the weather permitted. Several speeches were made, showing a unanimity of sentiment in favor of the project.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That it is the expression of this meeting that the building of a railroad from the city of St. Joseph to Council Bluffs and Omaha will prove of vital importance to this community and the enterprise should be pushed forward, and we believe the city of St. Joseph should subscribe \$250,000 to the capital stock of the proposed railroad.

Resolved, That the President of this meeting appoint a committee to wait upon the Mayor and members of the City Council and urge upon them to submit a proposition to the qualified voters of the city to subscribe \$250,000 of stock in the railroad from St. Joseph to the Iowa State line.

Col. Albin, Thomas Harbison, Gov. Hall, Judge Bliss and C. W. Davenport were appointed said committee, and the Mayor and City Council requested to meet on the morning of the 12th to consider the proposition.

On the 12th the Council met, and after a prolonged debate an ordinance was adopted taking \$210,000 stock in the railroad, the ordinance to be submitted to vote of the people at a special election to be held for that purpose on the 31st of July, 1897.

THE White Cloud Chief pertinently remarks upon the execution of Maximilian:

"This act meets with almost universal condemnation. Mexico has destroyed the fair prospects which had dawned upon her, and probably troubles will come upon her thicker than ever. Already filibustering expeditions against her are talked of; France and Austria will hardly pass the affair over in silence; and she has lost the sympathy of the United States. But she would not have been true to her character, had she not spoiled a good thing before it was fairly hers."

How much has Mexican history verified the truth of this last sentence!

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, "Our Boys and Girls," for July 6th, which is the first number of the new volume, appears enlarged and improved. It contains a beautiful portrait of Oliver Optic, and the first two chapters of a new story by him—entitled "Breaking Away, or the Fortunes of a Student;" a story by Olive Logan; "Life in India," by a lady who was born and resided many years there; "Sea Things," by George S. Burleigh, the poet; "The Mysterious House," a marked Declaration, and the usual variety of Rebus, Enigmas, Charades, &c. This number comes with a beautiful cover, printed in color, and is elegantly illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, \$2.50 a year, \$1.25 for six months, single copies six cents. The publishers offer to send a copy free to any boy or girl who will write to them for it.

THE Kansas Chief is responsible for the following:

"The wages paid 'star' clowns varies slightly. Dan. Rice received \$20,000 for the present season. Andrew Johnson receives but \$25,000 for a whole year. This is \$20,000 more than he ought to have."

ORATION

Delivered at Mound City, Mo., July 4, 1897.

BY D. P. BALLARD.

FELLOW CITIZENS: In all ages of the world, man has used means to commemorate great events. We read that "Nash built an altar unto the Lord," on the spot where he departed from the Ark, as a means of marking the place, and a witness that God had reached the heavens with the Bow of Promise. Moses, after he had led the children of Israel into the Wilderness, and across the Red Sea, built him a tabernacle to commemorate their great deliverance from the hand of the oppressors. So, too, the followers of the Great Nazarine have ever deemed it meet to keep in sacred remembrance, and to celebrate the return of days upon which His crucifixion, resurrection, transfiguration, or some other act occurred in His career of love and mercy.

It matters little whether it be Christ in all His glory, on the mountain top, or Napoleon watching the issues of bloody battle from the same spot, the world holds each in remembrance, and pays tribute to both. And why is it not meet for us to come together and celebrate the return of our Nation's birth day? It is. And the presence of so many as are before me, is evidence that no idle curiosity has drawn you hither, but that there is, in the great American heart, a deep seated love of country which withstands the waves and weathers of time, and grows stronger as political winds rack our ship of state. Then, I am glad we are here to celebrate this day. It is not only a pleasure thus to come together, but a duty we owe our fathers, ourselves, and millions yet to be. At these annual gatherings, old memories are revived and new ones written on the tablets of our souls. The hatchet of strife is here buried, and all meet upon a common level. The rich, the poor, the high, the low, the learned, and the illiterate, here come to pay homage to those who presented us with the jewel of equal rights, which they dug from the inexhaustible mine of God's great gifts. Each heart comes laden with a tribute of gratitude, and each hand brings a chaplet of flowers to scatter about the grave of those who, in Old Independence Hall, signed the immortal Declaration which you have just heard read. With a new, wild joy, all hearts throughout the world, who loved liberty, were thrilled when that Declaration was penned. And there was reason for this joy, for man had long been the vassal of tyrants. He could now see the coming dawn of freedom; and he looked forward to the time when the sun of liberty should scatter the mists and clouds of tyranny and light up the whole political heavens. He was now emerging from the dark ages which had swallowed up all Europe in a night of woe, and rolled their bloody waves across a continent. Man had long been ruled by scorpions both in church and state. The Cross, even, from being the armor of him who has put on Christ Jesus, because of the sin of liberty, should scatter the mists and clouds of tyranny and light up the whole political heavens. He was now emerging from the dark ages which had swallowed up all Europe in a night of woe, and rolled their bloody waves across a continent. Man had long been ruled by scorpions both in church and state. The Cross, even, from being the armor of him who has put on Christ Jesus, because of the sin of liberty, should scatter the mists and clouds of tyranny and light up the whole political heavens.

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against the world, they formed a Union of these States. The powers of that Union, and the rights of States under it, so far, at least, as its centrifugal and centrifugal forces are concerned, have been decided by the recent terrible conflict, adversely to those who deemed the Union void of cohesion. The question, then, of State Rights and secession, is no longer a debatable one; for the way has been put it beyond cavil, by declaring, in a manner not to be forgotten, that we are a NATION—not a confederacy of independent States. It was, it seems, like many other important questions in civilization, destined to be settled by war, which is the last argument. But brute force may not be the best way to decide questions, but, in this case, the only way. Moral suasion is the better plan, if men would always act upon the principles of the Golden Rule. But when mild means fail, and guilt, crime, treason, and perfidy, force the issue, the naked sword leaps from its scabbard to enforce the demands of right; and the hand which writes the verdict of war, is found clad in terrible armor. This was fearfully true when Sumpter's thundering cannon called us forth to a mighty battle against our people and kindred. The moral suasionists, deprecated brute force and attempted a peaceful solution of the questions at issue. But failing, the tocsin of war was sounded, and from every glen responded steel clad warriors. Many doubted our right to compel obedience to the laws of the Union. Do any still doubt? We say to them in almost the language of another, obedience is an inexorable law not less of individuals and states than of God and the Universe. Obey and live—disobey and die—were written on all things. Thou shalt obey is the terse command of Jehovah, which rings out in clear accents through the vast volume of nature. And whenever it has been unheeded the vengeance of God has been felt as in the case of Sodom and Gomorrah, which were utterly destroyed from above. Those who rebelled against theocracy in the days of the Judges of Israel, were not conciliated but crushed by the legions of Joshua and Jephthah until the waters of the holy Jordan ran red with human gore. He who would not listen to the Great Law Giver—the mouth-piece of God—was finally swallowed up in the surging waves of the Red Sea. The hands of Nero and Pericles, which were used to guide the chariot of Rome, were overthrown by the Goths, Huns, and Persians as a punishment for their iniquity. If we turn to Paris, the modern Babylon of infidelity, we see her compelled to sail on bloody seas back to her God. Turn where we will, the doctrine of force, of compulsion, as the means, when laws are set at defiance, is everywhere vindicated. It was deduced in Eden, just after man had sinned, when, in the case of him who murdered a brother, it was vindicated in the Deluge, pronounced from amid the thunders, clouds, and lightnings of Sinai's crown, and has been confirmed and attested in the ordeals of states and nations until it has become the great first law of society, when the safety of individuals or nations demands it. Let this be our only answer to those who believe to-day that we have no right to force a union of these States. This is a sufficient answer without entering into a legal argument of a case decided by the sword.

In the Union, under the Union, and by the Union, this nation has ever been known and recognized. And in the light of this truth we have been able to repel all assaults from foreign foes and domestic assailants. To prove that we have grown strong in the sunshine of that Union, we need only refer to the mighty efforts of the people when it was threatened with dissolution. No more terrible, grand, and awful spectacle is recorded in the wide range of history than that presented by this people in the late contest. On the 14th day of April, 1861, our fathers' banner, and our banner, was hoisted down from Fort Sumter. For a moment the nation breathed not—the world held its breath. The Union was threatened, and the Republic's honor had come. But see! from the ships and the looms of the East, from the farms and mines of the West, came a rolling tide of armed warriors. The music of the march was sounded by the strains of martial bands. 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